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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1858.

Sketchings.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE "CRAYON" TO ITS SUBSCRIBERS.

THE close of our fifth and the approaching commencement of our sixth Volume, give us the pleasant privilege of saying a few words to our readers. The CRAYON is so much a child of its subscribers and contributors, that the editor would have his own personality lost in the very suitable connection between them, believing that the object of its existence is solely dependent upon the laudable efforts of both. He has always believed that the professors of every branch of Art in the United States required a Journal devoted to their interests, that would open its columns to their contributions, and give an account of their labors and personal movements, and bring everything pertaining to their interests before that part of the public from which—owing to the nature of their pursuits—they are in a measure excluded. Of late the Editor is happy to say, that his contributors, subscribers, and the members of the different branches of Art have taken a fresh and deep interest in the solid establishment and extension of the CRAYON—have identified it more fully with the well-being of their own professions, and have looked upon it as a suitable organ for the expression of their views and opinions. If Artists, from their individual aptitudes, from study and the nature and practice of their vocations, are more versed and reliable in matters of taste than other members of our community generally, we deem it their duty to diffuse this taste throughout the public by the manly and timely expression of their opinions, by the approval of what is good, and the condemnation of what is bad. Pictures are hung on our walls—monuments are placed in our public squares, and buildings erected in our leading streets, as destitute of taste or purpose as they are surcharged with expensive and barbarous ornamentations; and yet our artists—with rare exceptions—are silent, and fail to enlighten public ignorance on this important point. If our public men are too corrupt, too deeply dyed in personal selfishness, to serve the nation by deferring to competent artistic authority in such matters, the people who contribute the money ought to be, through artistic channels, made sensible of its misapplication, and that instead, as they believe, of benefiting our country, by their contributions, they are but disgracing it, and over-feeding that love of spurious Art which it is their honest desire to put down. We say then, to our Artists, that our columns are open to them for this most desirable object, and to the public, that if they speak, it is well that it should listen.

THE CRAYON, like every other journal, has had to go through an infantile state of obscurity, before either Artists or the Public felt disposed to adopt it, to speak of it, or take it from its border-land of journalistic probation. Having now gone through the ordeal of four years' existence, having overcome the reflected coolness of some friends, the thoughtless apathy of others, and the habitual indifference of the public generally for new beginners, we begin to feel that self-confidence—that self-reliance which, if properly used, are the safest stepping-stones to permanent success. The harness that once chafed us is no longer adverse to our motion, but actually adds to and comports with our speed: the dark prophecies of our downfall begin to grow pale,

while the courage of our well-tried and indefatigable contributors and subscribers grows vigorous with increasing though slow success.

There is a class of our citizens who, though not artists, are yet familiar with Art, and fully alive to its great importance to our country. Now, from those we expect aid and assistance in extending the circulation of our Journal and in widening the sphere of its usefulness, by their own enthusiastic coöperation as well as that of their numerous and influential social connections.

Before concluding, we would present our grateful thanks to our editorial brethren for the many kind and flattering notices given our Journal during the past year. If they have any faith in the utility of the CRAYON, they cannot better manifest it than by occasionally bringing it to public notice through the columns of their extensively circulated Journals. We need not say that for any testimony of their good will we shall always feel suitably grateful.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

OF American artists in Italy we hear as follows:—"Rome begins to brighten up in doors as the clouds grow thicker outside, and as winter approaches. The 'corps' of artists is returning. Almost all the regular troops are in already. Two or three volunteers, fresh hands at the bellows in Rome, have appeared within the last week. Among them some good specimens of Young America. Their very uniform smacks of an independent country. Rinehart, the sculptor, has already arranged himself in a nice little studio, where he is busily putting up a figure of an Indian Girl—very graceful and beautiful so far. A large detachment of artistic militia went off with Rothermel last June, and have not been heard of since. Some fears are entertained that they have enlisted in Russia, under the Duchess Helena, of whom they received commissions last year; but we hope this is not the case.—Mr. C. P. Cranoh has written from Paris, I believe, to one of his friends here to procure him a studio for the coming winter.—Mr. Rogers is getting on rapidly with his doors for the Capitol and other work, which he has in hand. The first doors have arrived safely in the great Miller's hands in Munich, who knows so well how to turn them into bronze. Rogers is aware of the fine opportunity he has of writing himself on these doors for posterity's perusal. The doors are very beautiful, and are worthy of their destination."

St. Louis, Nov., 1858.

I cannot put down much for you now in the way of Art. Wimer has returned from the Indian country with a very large collection of effects pertaining to their costume, and illustrative of their habits; some of them he secured at the risk of his life. He has a scalp, scalping-knives, head-dresses, bows and quivers, moccasins, jackets, leggins, dresses of buffalo, bear, wolf, and other animals and stuffs; pipes and pouches in abundance and variety, a saddle and trappings worked in beads and porcupine quills. He has also many sketches in pencil and oil, nearly one hundred ambrotypes of the country—some of them rich in fine groups of warriors in council receiving their annuities—the various forts and trading places, war-buts, etc.; all the latter had to be taken from the steamboat under cover. All this material which Wimer has acquired is to aid him in pictures of Indian subjects, in which he has before suc-

ceeded well. He departs for Dusseldorf shortly, and will, I hope, take with him a sufficiency of commissions.

Boyle has finished a large family group, now at Spencer's which attracts much attention, and will add to his popularity.

There is an arrival in town of a painter who turns out portraits in five hours! one sitting. His specimens have labels to them printed, thus: "Painted in six hours in only one sitting, in solid body color, after the manner of the old masters—the most durable method known."

Miss Hosmer's "Beatrice Cenci" does not give as much satisfaction as her "Oenone." H.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Weber has returned from abroad. S. B. Fales, Esq., has added to his collection some new paintings; one, "Haup La" (or "Gee-up"), by Lamenais, of Paris, is fine in color, and has action most vigorously portrayed in it.—A landscape by J. Dupre—"View on the Seine"—somewhat resembling Turner in treatment of color and effect.—One by Diaz—"Le Tombeau d'Aurora"—a single figure, finely posed.—A landscape by Hognet—"Evening"—full of quiet sentiment and simple manly painting.—Ball Hughes, the sculptor from Boston, is here with a model for an equestrian statue of Washington.—M. Richards exhibits a series of portraits, photographs of the leading artists here, and they attract much notice at the Franklin Institute, where are also some very creditable designs, by pupils of the School of Design for Women.

Boston, Nov. 15th, 1858.

Dear Crayon:

Since I wrote you last, Crawford's statue of James Otis has been placed in the chapel at Mount Auburn, where it has been seen by hundreds of admiring visitors. This fine statue, which is undoubtedly one of the best productions of the lamented artist, if not the greatest, is the third one of those commissioned for Mount Auburn which has arrived in this country in safety. The fourth and last, that of Adams, was lost at sea some months since; but the artist (Randolph Rogers, I believe) is doing another from the original model, which remained in Rome. The statues are—first, that of Joseph Story by his son, W. W. Story; second, Gov. Winthrop, by R. H. Greenough; third, the newly arrived one of Otis, by T. Crawford, and fourth, that of Adams, by R. Rogers.—On the 29th ultimo, Mr. Gerry had a sale of pictures ninety-five in number, which went off very well, the state of the times being taken into consideration.—At Williams and Everett's is to be seen Mr. Rowse's admirable crayon portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which adds not a little to the already high reputation of the artist. Mr. Masury, the photographer, has taken from the drawing a photograph so uncommonly good, that it is said by critics to be "even better than the original," if such a thing were possible.—"Florinde," by Winterhalter, is on exhibition at Child and Everett's.—Herring's "Blacksmith's Shop" has been on exhibition at Elliot's, and Webster's water-color picture of the "Skaters" still remains at the store of Childs & Co.—Ball Hughes has been to Philadelphia with the model of his equestrian statue of Washington; our Philadelphia neighbors are about enriching their city with some works of art to be placed in the open air, and Mr. H.'s fine model seems well adapted to the purpose.—D. O. Johnston has just published some of his humorous sketches, and his son is lithographing with much success.—Mr. Ames has at his studio, among other pictures, two full-length portraits, one of a celebrated cantatrice, the other of Mad. Rachel as Camille.—The Athenæum Galleries on Beacon street are very cheerful and attractive, and visitors can spend hours there without suf-

fering from cold or ennui. The last acquisitions are a collection of magnificent photographs, illustrative of European architecture, and a series of fine "crayon drawings from the round," by the pupils of the New England School of Design. This institution needs only to be better known to be more fully appreciated. Mr. Tuckerman's method of teaching is admirable, and these drawings and the designs which can be seen at the school in Temple Place, prove that such an institution is one of Boston's noblest enterprises.

J.

In continuation of Boston items we have to report the receipt of a discourse delivered in Florence by Giuseppe Cosci, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes at the last triennial Academic exhibition, all classes of the Fine Arts, Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, and Music being represented. Among the recipients of prizes is "Francesco Boot, of Boston," as second in musical composition. A correspondent says truly, "It is certainly an indication of the excellence of the work as well as of the fairness of the judges that such a premium should be awarded to an American in Italy."—Babcock, an American artist, resident in Paris, exhibits at Everett & Child's several pictures of decided interest. The subjects are mostly of a mythological class. The pictures are remarkable for color; we derive from them also an impression of a feeling for higher aims in Art than mere color. Were the drawing better the aim of the artist would be more effectively recognized.

ARTISTS will please notice the advertisement of the Washington Art Association. This institution is in a sound and most satisfactory condition. They have a new and very fine gallery in a central position in Pennsylvania Avenue, offering advantages to artists for the exhibition of their works of art equal to those of any other city. As Washington promises to be a theatre of art-action this winter, a good display of American art will greatly aid those who are contending for the cause at our national head-quarters. J. L. Weston, 765 Broadway, is the agent for New York.

AN Artist's Reception will take place at the Studio Building, Tenth street, on the 2d December. A fine exhibition of new works by the now large and able corps of artists in this temple of Art, be may expected.

EXHIBITIONS.

RANNEY EXHIBITION.—Early in December an exhibition and sale will take place in the rooms of the National Academy of Design, for the purpose of raising a fund to provide for the family of the late William Ranney. The collection will consist of the studies, sketches, and pictures left by this artist, together with a large number of pictures, contributed by his brother artists, all of which will be disposed of at auction. We are ignorant of the number of Mr. Ranney's works that will be in the collection; there will be about one hundred works by other artists, the list of those who have joined in this tribute to his memory, showing as many names. It is scarcely necessary to state that the works contributed will be of unusual merit and interest. Every artist will do his best to promote the cause. We have seen many of the offerings, and can assure amateurs that the opportunity will be a rare one to procure fine specimens of contemporary art. The most interesting feature of the exhibition will, of course, be the works of Mr. Ranney. This artist's pictures were comparatively unknown during the latter portion of his life, certainly not as well known as they de-

served to be. This was partly owing to ill health, and partly to a life of comparative retirement, which cause prevented him from taking that personal charge of his works before the public which is an imperative condition of success in our community. Ranney was a faithful student of nature in the direction which his tastes led him. Most of his works were representative of prairie life, consisting of hunting scenes, animals, western character and scenery, faithfully studied, out of which materials he made most interesting pictures. His works have a historical value independent of their artistic merit, when it is considered that civilization is fast sweeping away the original picturesque aspects of pioneer life in the far West. We believe that a large proportion of his sketches that will be in the exhibition are of this class; we commend them to the public and to amateurs generally. A specimen of Ranney is indispensable wherever a collection of American Art exists.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE AND THE LADIES OF THE COURT.—Here we have an admirable expression of fashionable art—court art. The skill of the artist and the requirements of the subject seem to be happily conjoined. Such truthful rendering of flounces and fashion we never saw before. For the benefit of readers who are unable to view the picture, we have to tell them that the Empress and eight ladies are supposed to be seen in the gardens of St. Cloud, seated on a bank enjoying sunshine and flowers, attired in the nebulous costume of the ball-room. The figures are of life size, skillfully grouped in a circle. No better comment on art of this character than what is found in the following extract from one of the thought-laden paragraphs of Thorndale:

If there is any antidote . . . which is at all times effective against the poetic mood, it is the presence of a fashionable woman. I was never caught riding my Pegasus by one of this order that I did not dismount in trepidation, and walk rapidly on, utterly disowning any connection with it. The fair sex stands to us in the two most opposite relations imaginable. They are the most ideal objects in our world of thought; they are the very embodiment of whatever is artificial and conventional in civilized life. I hold it orthodox doctrine to believe—for Milton has taught it—that the flowers in Paradise were created as Eve's especial dowry, and that such of them as she was permitted to carry away with her, have descended in due course of inheritance to her daughters. The rose is woman's ensign, her crest, her universal emblem. She is the spirit of beauty here below. Nay, what, I ask, is our angel of heaven but some beautiful girl, seen paler in the celestial light—paler, brighter, not more beautiful? Such is woman in our ideal world: she peoples heaven or makes earth seem like to heaven.

Now look at her . . . in all the glories of millinery, and invested with the omnipotence of fashion. Oh, ye gods! convert us into apes, or dancing-masters, that we may not sink under the glance of her ridicule! Well, but she is very charming here also, very pretty in all this lace and satin. Yes, and with her quick, light glance of exquisite impertinence, how well she rules the manners and the talk of every drawing-room! Every coarse ungainly folly flies at that bright smile of derision which she so proudly throws around her—every coarse, ungainly folly, and also every earnest, free, and manly thought. A soft, modulated cynicism whispers around her; a bland, courteous, hypocritical adulation. Before the lovely woman we may be mad enough; for we take the lyre, and we kneel and worship. Enter the decorated lady, we stand erect, and bow graceful, if such art is in us, and change the poem for the pasquinade.

One point associated with the picture is worthy of recognition—that is, the liberality of the Emperor in thus permitting a valuable work of art to be transported across the ocean in

order to widen the reputation of the artist. The age is more honored by such an act than by the work itself.

RUBENS' MAGDALEN.—There are two principles to be kept in view in the estimation of a picture of this kind; one is, supposing the picture to be original, its relation to other works by the same artist, and then its relation to the world of Art in general. In both respects the Magdalen is poor enough; it would be classed as among the poorest efforts of the master, and utterly worthless as an ideal of its subject. But we do not believe in the originality of the picture at all. The feeble signs of an effort to imitate the style of Rubens are more apparent than are any signs of his original vigorous treatment.

ENGRAVINGS.

LE JEUNE MOISE.—A line engraving bearing this title, by one of the master-engravers of the age, Henriquel Dupont, is just published by Messrs. Goupil & Co. The picture from which the engraving is made is by Delaroche. It represents the abandonment of the infant Moses to the waters of the Nile. We see the unconscious child about to float away in his frail boat from the reeds on the bank of the river, in the midst of which and standing in the water appears the Jewish maid who has set it adrift. The composition is a simple one, but exceedingly graceful and true to the spirit of the idea. The child, like every treatment of a child by Delaroche, as he lies there full-length looking at you so brightly and earnestly, seems somewhat too thoughtful for his apparent age, and yet he is exceedingly interesting, because, if we may use the word, he is so *cunningly* placed. The dark-eyed Jewish maid who watches his departure is a fine type of oriental beauty. In the background, just visible through the reeds, the mother of Moses appears, evidently supplicating Jehovah to protect her "first-born." We have seen no treatment of this subject superior to this one; we commend the engraving as very choice to all who prize genuine fine art.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—An engraving of our honored poet by Alfred Jones and S. A. Schoff, after a portrait by A. B. Durand. No effort has been spared to make this publication worthy of the subject, and its high standard of engraving. The Century Club of this city have been pleased to allow the engraving to be issued in the name of the club, which circumstance affords the best idea of its artistic merit that we could mention to our readers.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.—A line engraving on stone, drawn and engraved by Konrad Huber. This production has special interest, owing to the novelty attached to the fact of a work of this description being done on stone. To execute such a work on this material requires a nice firm hand, and great care. There is one advantage belonging to this material; the engraving can be reproduced frequently on other stones by an easier process than that required to reproduce duplicate engravings when made on copper plates. These technical matters, however, have but little bearing on the artistic claims of the engraver, which, we think, deserve great commendation. Mr. Huber's head is a strong characteristic likeness of this remarkable man, and a highly creditable artistic production.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CHRISTIAN ART?

Mr. Editor:

The above question was proposed by a correspondent in THE CRAYON of December last. On the basis set forth by him for

the inquiry, I recognize a valid position for any attempt to analyze and answer it.

By Art we understand the appearing or disclosive light of life, as distinguished from Science, which is the informing light, and Inspiration which is the guiding light: and thus, in other words, Art is a subjective faith, transfigured and glorified into an objective reality.

Next in the analysis we will glance at what constitutes the Christian Idea. I may define this as the immediate presence or love of the Father in every human heart, manifested first and once for all in Jesus Christ, and thenceforward, amid the varied activities of a world for which was given that manifestation, speaking in the acts of heroism and self-sacrifice of those whose being it pervades that the world hath joy in her sorrow, and life in her death.

A work of Art, that is truly such, is an image-expression or focal reflection of an idea. The end sought for is the utterance of a concurrent life—a feeling discrete from thought that, interchanging, gives to thought a rest on feeling—to fill the void, and illumine the darkness of its world. Beauty is the jewelled radiance of that life; and of its objects, the highest attainment and above aught that by thought can be conceived, are our living, human children or whatever, in our human relations, by revealing a loveliness, imparts to life a holy and happy aspect, affording a retreat and a strengthening amid its conflicts.

We are now prepared for an answer to our question:—Christian Art is the witness of Christ—the Son of God in his capacity as Saviour and Redeemer—reflecting in human lives the scenic or dramatic presentation of Christian Truth.

S. F. DERBY.

Studies among the Leaves.

THE COURTHIP OF MILES STANDISH.*

WHEN we become acquainted with a work of art that interests us, and which has professedly a historical basis, we naturally feel a desire to know the facts that instigated the artist's imagination, both to see what they were, and how far he has deemed it necessary to retain, change, or discard them, to the proper fulfillment of his poetic intentions. Therefore, it is with no captious spirit of a seeker after anachronisms or the like ungracious criticism of a pedant, that we proceed to give, by way of parallel to the poem in question, what the historical authorities say were the actual occurrences connected with the main incident of the plot.

The Mayflower sailed on her return voyage on the 5th of April, 1621, and the poem opens on the day previous. The poet has touched precisely the aspect of that season, as the denizens of that locality are doomed to experience it now:

"The landscape,
Washed with a cold grey mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest, and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine."

Then John Allen, with gratulations seldom bestowed on that unwelcome wind, hails it, as he rushes from the maiden's presence, after that naive question of the heroine, and begs it—

"Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me."

* The Courthip of Miles Standish and other poems. By LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1868.

Just before, as he had threaded the woods upon his errand, he had gathered

"The mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber."

This last beautiful figure is aptly attached to the *epigæa* which appears in this district generally early in April, disclosing its roseate blossoms between patches of snow even at times, but more often forcing for itself an opening among the last year's leaves. Its coincidental name of Mayflower, attached as that was to the bark of the pilgrims, gives it an interest super-added to what naturally adheres to it as *primula veris*. There is a touching contrast to the drear aspect of that sad spring in the wandering thoughts of that damsel, as the poet makes her,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields and the song of the lark and the linnet;"

for we must remember that the old England they left has a climate that brings the seasons earlier by near a month.

The main incident of the poem rests on no better authority than tradition—tradition, however, which luckily has never had a denial—and this varies the story somewhat. It goes—that soon after the death of the captain's wife, he sent John Alden to ask of Mr. William Mullins permission to visit his daughter with intentions of marriage, such being the custom of the day, and enforced, too, later by law. The father assented, but said the maiden must first be consulted, and she accordingly was, and it was then she turned upon the youthful ambassador with that quick reply—"Prithee, John! why don't you speak for yourself?" Now, Rose Standish died January 29, 1621, and was by no means, as the poet says, "The first of all to die who came in the Mayflower." Gov. Bradford's wife and several others had already died, though the burial-place showed no mounds for the reasons the poem names. Mr. Mullins was himself soon after called to be added to the great mortality of that dreadful winter, for on the 21st of February he died. So, if the tradition be correct, the incident is necessarily placed between these dates, or in February, 1621, two months before the time of the poem. Now, there may be reasons for supposing that tradition in this respect errs, and that the *parent* should read the *guardian*. The short interval between the death of Rose Standish and this alleged attempt of the doughty hero to supply her place, would at the present day be set to the account of indecent haste, but when the condition of the colony at that time is considered, and it is remembered that Standish was the head of an allotted household, it would not have been greatly amiss to meet promptly the exigencies of the occasion in that

"Land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but gospel."

In the division of the pilgrims into nineteen families, which was one of the first things they did in organizing their community, John Alden was put into that of their captain, becoming thereby his intimate. He was the youngest of the chief men of the band, being only twenty-one, while Standish was his elder by fifteen years. The poet's description of the youth's appearance—

"Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,"